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No. 355

# IN A GARDEN

A FAIRY PLAY

BY

IVA B. KEMPSHALL

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## IN A GARDEN

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This play might be charmingly produced along "new theatre" lines using any stage, and having gray curtains without any other setting. The children's costumes should be all cheesecloth and should be dyed in blended colors following a subdued color scheme. In this case all the costumes should be cut in classical lines and the children should be barefooted. Such a production would depend for its effectiveness on the lighting and blending of color.



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## STAGE DIRECTIONS

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The main scene in the play is a garden scene which can easily be adapted for schoolroom performance. By the use of green screens and green floorcloth the background is arranged. Vines should be hung over the screens and confetti scattered about the floor to give the effect of fallen blossoms.

A small bay tree may be used for the garden tree and potted plants may be used effectively. The garden pool may be a mirror or "japanese garden" banked with green turf or paper. A small arbor may be made from sticks and covered with flowers or an arbor may be cut from gray cambric and pinned on the screens at the back pinning real flowers to the cambric.

For the gypsy scene, the tree and other objects should be hung with silvery gauze and a small tent made from a tripod hung with the gauze should be placed at one end of stage. A fire is made in center by sticks and red paper with tinsel, or by a red light under sticks.

Indoor colored lights will make the simpler production much more effective, when obtainable.

For more elaborate production a deep stage is necessary. Near the back is hung a mist curtain enhancing the effect of distance. The stage in front of mist curtain is used during prologue and gypsy scene, and for the fairy scenes the entire stage is used. Objects behind the mist curtain may be enlarged and back of stage should be built up so that fairies may seem to come down into the garden. Spotlights should reveal Fairy Queen who should if possible enter through trap door or from above in

such a way that she is not detracting from atmosphere of fairy scene. Many charming effects may be worked out through using the back stage scene as the fairy realm and the stage in front of mist curtain as the mortal plane.

In a simple production the costumes may be made from cheesecloth cabric, silkalene, etc., while in a more elaborate production silk tulle, silver gauze and chiffon will add much charm.

SUGGESTIONS: FAIRY QUEEN—White and silver.

(Tulle, silk or cheesecloth with silver wings.

WHITE FAIRY—White costume—white wand and white stars. (Tarletan, tulle or maline)

YELLOW FAIRY. Same. (Using yellow) etc.

IN A GARDEN

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PROLOGUE

TWO ACTS—FOUR SCENES

EPILOGUE

ACT I SCENE I—II. Enlarged garden.

ACT II SCENE I. Gypsy Moth camp.

SCENE II. Enlarged garden.

TIME: *Summer early evening (moonlight)*

PLACE: *An old-fashioned garden.*

IN A GARDEN

Youth's the Garden  
Love's the Seed  
Truth's the Blossom  
Doubt's the Weed.

PROLOGUE

CAST

BOBBY  
MARY  
TURTLE  
FAIRY QUEEN

CAST

BOBBY (*A little boy, of seven years, who didn't  
believe in fairies.*)  
MARY. (*His sister, six years, a believer in fairies.*)  
FAIRY QUEEN  
PRINCESS BUTTERFLY

SIR TOAD

QUEEN OF THE ANTS

MISS WILD-ROSE

YELLOW FAIRY

BROWN FAIRY. (*Court Jester.*)

WHITE FAIRY. (*Lilly White.*)

TOADSTOOLS. (*Four—White, yellow, brown and pink*)

SANDY. (*Mary's rag-doll, afterward a Prince.*)

TURTLE

CHIEF OF THE GYPSY-MÖTHS

OLD HAG

TINY

GYPSY MÖTHS (*3 to 6*)

CAPT. BEE. (*Court Herald*)

(*Fairy attendants, ants, bees and garden-flowers.*)  
(*16 Speaking parts.*)

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## EPILOGUE

## CAST

BOBBY and MARY

(*And a voice off-stage.*)

## PROLOGUE

PLACE: *Old-fashioned Garden*

TIME: *Summer Eve—Moonlight.*



# IN A GARDEN

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SCENE: Stage is divided by gauze drop, the forward stage being the "Natural" Plane, objects such as trees and flowers, etc., are of normal size.

Back of drop is the "Higher Plane, the land of mystery, where the immortal spirit dwells. Setting of enlarged objects.

In this way the first and second scenes are handled with little difficulty, as the stage back of drop during first scene is indistinct.

At rise of curtain, Sandy, the rag doll is visible on seat around apple tree, left stage. The lower branches with tiny apples hang low to the ground, several wild-rose bushes are to left of tree.

Center stage just in back of drop the light of the moon shines directly on water, in a small pool, such as one sees in an old-fashioned garden. To right of stage, several holly-hocks, with smaller plants around, and a dirt path leading off right-stage, in the center of which are several little ant hills, not too conspicuous.

Sound of crickets heard, now and then a frog croaks; then BOBBY enters running, he is dressed for bed, his little wrapper flying, tassels dragging as he runs. Goes to apple tree, turns, looks back, quickly picks up rag-doll, runs to rose bushes, kneels, hides doll; as he does this, a frog croaks; he jumps up (leaving doll so as it

*can be seen from audience, but not by one approaching bushes.)* Runs across stage to hollyhocks, peeps around, sees someone coming, hides behind flowers, which are a little out of the moonlight. MARY enters half running, dressed for bed also, she holds her little wrapper closely about her, seems a little afraid, gradually approaches tree, feels about, kneels, searches ground, in doing so, nears BOBBY's hiding-place, rubbing eyes as if about to cry, BOBBY puts hand to mouth as if to smother laugh, at same time creeps up behind MARY on tiptoe.

BOBBY. Boo! (MARY screams. BOBBY laughs— *rubs forefinger across forefinger*) 'fraid cat, 'fraid cat!

MARY. (*Stamping foot*) Not!

BOBBY. 'Are! What you looking for—worms? (*Hand to mouth, laughs, stoops, picks up imaginary worm*) Here you are, down your back she goes—pretty worm, what makes girls squirm!

MARY. (*Running across stage, BOBBY laughs*) You're a bad horrid boy, and if you don't look out—some day you will be turned into a worm or some such thing and then you'll squirm!

BOBBY. Now you are talking through your hat!—look out! there's a bat! (*Bat flies across; laughs. MARY dodging, pouts, looks under tree again*) Lost something? Why did you come out here?

MARY. I want my doll! Bobby, tell me where you have hidden Sandy? (*Approaches BOBBY pleading*) Oh, Bobby, be good and I'll—I'll give you some candy! Honest Injun!

BOBBY. Candy! you haven't any candy—besides (*Walks to tree, breaks off branch with tiny apples on it, throwing same to ground*)

MARY. Bobby—see what you've done! Teacher said it hurt the trees, to have their young branches

torn from them—and sometimes they die of grief!—  
I'll tell teacher on you—So there!

BOBBY. Tell her—I don't care. Girls are too soft anyway, I'm glad I'm not a girl! (*Breaks off bud from rose-bush, throws it to ground, walks to center stage, stands before ant hill—with words "naughty boy" stamps on ant hill, viciously*)

MARY. Bobby! Mother told you not to break the buds off her plants, you're a naughty boy!—Oh! Now see what you have done—crushed the house of the ants; they won't have any home to go to. You better look out—remember what nurse read about the naughty boy who was turned into an ant, and——

BOBBY. Oh! pooh! Fairytales—The idea of a big boy like me, being turned into an ant! *You* would believe anything, you're a girl! I'm glad I'm not a girl. I'm not afraid! (*Kicks head off toadstool, at same time hurting a toad*)

MARY. Oh! My favorite fairy's toadstool house, whatever will she do! (*Kneels, picks up toadstool carefully*)

BOBBY. Fairies in this garden? Boo!

MARY. (*Rises, goes to BOBBY placing finger to lips*) Sh!

Be careful, Bobby, don't speak so loud,  
Fairies you know are very proud.  
They listen to us, for they have ears,  
They read our thoughts, they know our fears.

BOBBY. Boo! I tell you!—(*Reads notice slowly aloud*) "Help us to exterminate the Gypsy Moth!"

MARY. What does that mean?

BOBBY. Don't know exactly. Jim, the gardener says—"heaps of money is spent each year, to catch the gypsy-moths,—just HEAPS!"

MARY. Why do they want to catch them?

BOBBY. 'Cause they are enemies. They kill the trees, and plants and things. (*Pensively*) Wish I

could fly, I'd chase them higher than the sky!

MARY. Why are they called gypsies?

BOBBY. 'Cause they're bandits—so Jim says—and he knows.

MARY. Bandits, Ooh! Then they would fight you!

BOBBY. Well—what of that—couldn't I fight back—silly!

MARY. What would you do if you saw one now?

BOBBY. Kill it—(*Stoops, picks up a butterfly-net, that is on the ground near the tree—makes stroke through the air, touching bough as he does so, drops net to ground and stands on it, with triumphant gesture*) Like that! (*Sits under tree*)

MARY. Kill it? Well, I don't suppose that would be wrong, 'cause they are bandits, and they destroy the beautiful trees and plants. (*Pensively*)

(*Frog croaks—bells are heard, MARY kneels as if searching for something, forward center stage facing audience, BOBBY stands close to her, facing drop. At sound of bells, spotlight reveals FAIRY QUEEN in the Higher Plane, back of drop near pool. BOBBY stands rooted to ground, MARY apparently does not see or hear. BOBBY tugs at her wrapper, but MARY is too busy searching for doll.*)

FAIRY QUEEN.

O, wondrous garden of youth  
With your delicate seedlets of love,  
O grow to be blossoms of truth  
As pure as the skies above!

With faith as your steadfast creed  
And the wind and rain and sun,  
Leave no room for a doubting Weed  
And the best of the race you've won.

Eternal Youth is the goal we seek  
In the spirit of Fairyland  
Where we love and we laugh every day in the week,  
That's the spirit of Fairyland!

*(Vision disappears. BOBBY tugs at MARY's wrapper harder, she turns, rises.)*

BOBBY. Did—did you hear what she said?

MARY. What—who said—Bobby Hamilton look at your knees, how they shake! Whatever is the matter with you!

BOBBY. Didn't you see?

MARY. What?

BOBBY. All in white and silver!

MARY. THE FAIRY QUEEN!

BOBBY. Do you really mean——?

MARY. Yes, it must have been—oh! *(Runs to rose-bush, places ear to petal)* Sh! The rose sings—come closer, Bob,—now high, now low—Oh! I love her pretty voice so! We'll knock—perhaps she'll let us in.

BOBBY. In where?

MARY. Fairyland! *(Knocks gently on rose petal)*

BOBBY. I'm sleepy. *(Yawns)*

MARY. *(Sitting beside BOBBY)* So am I. *(Rubs eyes—head nods)*

BOBBY. You don't really believe in fairies do you?

MARY. Yes—I do, and some day so will you.

BOBBY. 'Uhm! *(Turtle is seen crossing stage. BOBBY cries out—)* Look! A turtle.

MARY. *(Clapping hands)* Mr. Turtle! Kind Mr. Turtle, please take us to Fairyland—They are giving a dance! Come quickly, Bobby, jump on his back. He goes to Fairyland! *(Beckons BOBBY as she straddles turtle, standing)*

BOBBY. To Fairyland on that thing's back,—not a chance!

MARY. *I'm going! Please Mr. Turtle! (MARY follows Turtle off-stage)*

(BOBBY picks up rosebud off ground, and tries to put it back on bush. Hears a tinkle as he does so. Drops bud to ground, walks, scratching head, and stretching, to center stage, to toadstool. He picks it up and tries to fit it on (kneeling). Drops it also on the ground. Rubs eyes. Calls.)

BOBBY. Mary! (No sound. Goes to tree, rubs eyes, sits down on seat and goes to sleep. As he closes eyes, stage is darkened gradually to allow for the raising of mist curtain for SCENE I, ACT I)

## ACT I

### SCENE I

*Same Garden, enlarged*

SCENE: *The moon is very bright, like daylight; SANDY, the doll, is seen distinctly under the rosebush, size of BOBBY. BOBBY asleep under tree, soft music heard in distance; bells tinkle, enter FAIRY QUEEN, preceded by attendants (COURT HERALD, and COURT JESTER, and the BROWN FAIRY. FAIRY QUEEN uses a wild flower for throne chair; she summons HERALD who kneels before her. Enter BROWN FAIRY first—dances.*

FAIRY QUEEN.  
I give audience to my Subjects,  
Of their suffering I would hear.  
Bid them enter.

(HERALD rises, goes to D. L. stage, calls.)

HERALD.

"Her Majesty, our Queen, gives audience to her subjects

And bids you welcome, one and all."

(They enter single file, by twos and threes; kneel, bow, and walk backwards to sides of the stage. TOAD enters on crutch, BUTTERFLY with pin through wing, the ROSE wears torn dress.)

FAIRY QUEEN

Speak, I pray you!

(All speak at once)

Peace! Each one in turn begin.

Ah! Princess, does my eyesight fail?

You, once so beautiful, now so pale!

(PRINCESS advances, head bowed, pin is visible through wing, color faded from that side.)

PRINCESS BUTTERFLY.

It was at evening, but yesterday  
That I fell asleep on a golden-rod spray.  
In anguish I woke, with my faithful wing  
Pierced by the stroke of a mortal thing.  
They call it a pin, and it's made to hold  
Butterflies fair in a paper fold.  
We have done mortals no harm I know;  
Why should we have to suffer so?

FAIRY QUEEN.

Most of the things that we don't understand  
Princess fair, are in mortal land.  
Much as I'd like to help you, dear,  
All I can say is to have no fear;  
Something will happen I now can tell,  
Something to make your wing quite well.

(PRINCESS BUTTERFLY *withdraws, much encouraged.*  
ROSE *advances.*)

FAIRY QUEEN.

Your dress all torn, my pretty Rose,  
Also by mortal, I suppose?

ROSE.

Can we not teach this little boy  
'Tis better to cherish than destroy?  
Can we not teach him that with youth,  
In the fair garden of Faith and Truth,  
'Tis Love he must help us plant in seed  
That will grow, and crowd out Doubt, the weed?

FAIRY QUEEN.

This little boy shall be made to see  
Love in the garden where it should be,  
The garden of Youth where Love's the seed,  
Truth's the blossom, and Doubt, the weed!

(ROSE *withdraws, TOAD advances on crutch, stands*  
*left-stage near SANDY.*)

FAIRY QUEEN.

Ah, Sir Toad——

I grieve to see you with a crutch;  
A thoughtless act—a kick——  
Has doubtless hurt you very much.

TOAD.

Yea, your Majesty, 'tis true,  
A thoughtless act—a kick of shoe——  
Has made my hip all black and blue;  
I cannot hop, as I used to do.

(*Attempts to show assembly how difficult it is.*

FAIRY QUEEN *shakes head sadly.* QUEEN ANT  
*advances, TOAD hops feebly to rose-bush, where*  
*the BROWN FAIRY delights in teasing him,*  
*mocking every act, much to the amusement of*  
*the others.*)



QUEEN ANT.

Your Majesty!

A naughty boy, in spitefulness,  
Has caused my people great distress;  
He seems determined to undo  
Our choicest work with kick of shoe.  
Our happy homes and towns are wrecked  
Cannot his thoughtless ways be checked?

FAIRY QUEEN.

Take courage, Queen, I promise thee  
Bobby your helper now shall be;  
He shall work by day and night,  
And unto your people make things right.

*(Waves wand, rises)*

Come hither Rose, and you, Princess fair,

*(Turns to attendants)*

Fetch me an Ant's Head,  
And legs—three pair!  
Waken the boy, and bring him here.

*(FAIRIES waken BOBBY—he struggles to free himself, rubs eyes.)*

FAIRY QUEEN.

That you may learn what you have done,  
I must deprive you of boy's fun!  
As a working Ant, you'll understand  
The suffering you've made in Queen Ant's land.

*(Aside)*

Sir Toad, you hold  
The boy's right arm,  
Lest to our friends  
He does more harm!

*(To all)*

On with the legs!  
So—fasten them tight;  
The head goes next,  
No—that isn't right.

*(Adjusts it. To BOBBY, hand on his head.)*

*(BOBBY struggles, but in vain, he tries to call his sister's name as the head goes on, his speech is indistinct. Finally, exhausted, he is resigned to his fate!)*

You shall rebuild all fairy homes,  
Even to tiniest of the gnomes,  
Promise no more to pester the Ants,  
Promise to break no more buds from the plants.

*(To QUEEN ANT)*

Now, show him what you'd have, and then,  
Let him do the work of ten!

*(ATTENDANTS show BOBBY how to work and leave him. BOBBY is awkward, moves slowly, down on all legs, soon tires and falls asleep near back of tree. His presence is soon forgotten. As BOBBY is helped down on all legs, and just as he reaches tree, the TOAD, who has been holding BOBBY and hobbling by his side, bumps into the BROWN FAIRY, who immediately begins to pull the TOAD'S coat-tails, others join in the fun, until his crutch flies out from under him and he falls to the ground, into the rose-bushes, and onto SANDY, the rag-doll. SANDY cries out causing much commotion, the fairies pull SANDY out from the bushes, TOAD on his knees searching for crutch, BROWN FAIRY seen strutting about in mock imitation of the TOAD, on crutch much to the amusement of everybody.)*

FAIRY QUEEN. Yellow! Brownie!

YELLOW FAIRY. Sandy, the Ragged Prince has been hiding here.

FAIRY QUEEN. The Ragged Prince! Come forward, Sandy.

SANDY. Forgive me, your Majesty! I was playing in the garden with the little girl, Mary; she dropped me,—I was weary—no—yes—(*Points to two spots where he was,—ponders*) I have been walking in my sleep!

FAIRY. But why did you stay until the Fairies came?

SANDY. In mortal land, I am only a doll; I cannot act the same. I had to wait until the fairies came.

(BROWN FAIRY *chanting tauntingly.*)

BROWN FAIRY.

He *had* to wait until the fairies came;  
Mayhap the Princess can explain!  
A lovers' quarrel in the rain.  
In anguish she hid on a golden-rod spray,  
But you mustn't listen to what I say.  
It's easy to guess  
Which pains her the less,  
The pin or the dart  
That pierces her heart!

(*Pulls at SANDY'S coat, pokes him in ribs.*)

SANDY. (*Stamps foot upon the ground*) Your Majesty!—I—I—I

WHITE FAIRY.

Let me explain——

I have a little playmate, Mary,  
Who is a mortal, not a fairy;  
But when we play we have such fun,

It seems as if she *must* be one.  
She has a rag-doll, Sandy,  
She plays with—even feeds it candy.  
She loves him so, she even thought he  
Never could be very naughty.  
When she learned I was a fairy,  
She thought that I was quite contrary  
If I would not make her dollie  
Into a Fairy Prince so jolly!  
So just to please her, I assented,  
Just for once I then intended,  
We taught him how then, to behave.  
Yesterday, as we were playing,  
Mr. Thunder called down saying,  
It was going to rain he knew,  
The lightning telephoned it too.  
So Mary ran in, helter skelter,  
Leaving Sandy under shelter.

FAIRY QUEEN. (*Turning to SANDY*)  
They say that you are brave;  
If you can prove this true,  
A chance to win your heart's desire  
I fain would give to you.  
If you are ready to prove your worth,  
To be of service to all on earth,  
Read the notice that is printed there,

(*Points to tree*)

Read aloud with utmost care.

SANDY.

Your Majesty, I cannot read,  
But I want to help—I do indeed!

FAIRY QUEEN. (*To ATTENDANT*)  
Read it to him that he may know  
Who it is that we call our foe.

(ATTENDANT reads from notice on tree in garden.)

ATTENDANT. "Help us to EXTERMINATE the Gypsy Moth."

FAIRY QUEEN.

That is the plea that's made by mortals,  
To drive the Gypsies from their portals.  
Though we are Fairies, it is our duty  
To keep the Gypsies from their booty.

(Enter BEE, *breathlessly, in military costume, kneels before QUEEN.*)

BEE. (R. C.) Your Majesty, the Gypsy Moths have been forewarned of our intended attack, and they are at present approaching in great numbers along the North Road. It is not yet too late to surround them. Shall I call the Bees to Arms?

FAIRY QUEEN. (*Rises*)

Yes, Yes, to Arms! But before you go,  
You, your new leader, I would show.  
Sandy is brave and will lead you forth  
In your effort to capture the Gypsy Moth.

(*Steps forward a little*)

Now go, and command all the Bees to arm,  
And all fairies will pray that you come to no harm!

(Exit BEE. BROWN FAIRY *tickles* BOBBY; the Ant, who rises, peeps around tree at sound of voices; he sees SANDY for the first time—)

BOBBY. (*In an aside*) Sandy here! How queer! He moves, he talks—he even walks! (*Sits*)

FAIRY QUEEN. (*To SANDY*)

The Gypsy Moths are outlaws, to this and every land.

Great wealth is spent each year, I'm told, to fight this mighty band.

You'll kill the band, capture their Chief,  
Who is known to us as a murderous thief.

Of his poisonous darts all mortals have fear,  
If these you destroy, we will make you a peer  
In the kingdom of Fairies, the land of good cheer.  
Your hour has come, now go and lead the Bees  
To victory against the enemy of man and trees.  
Travel fast! When you succeed,  
A fit reward shall meet the deed.

(BOBBY *pretends to work, but is listening to dialogue that follows. He remains, hidden by tree.*  
SANDY *kneels, kisses QUEEN'S hand, rises, stands aside with bowed head as QUEEN and ATTENDANTS exit. PRINCESS lags behind, BROWN FAIRY roguishly winks at SANDY, frowns at him. BROWN FAIRY scampers off-stage with words:—*

BROWN FAIRY.

Your heart's desire!—Most noble Sire! Ha, Ha!

(*Gives mock bow. Exit.*)

SANDY.

Dear Princess, just a word before I go away,  
Without your smile—the day is gray;

(PRINCESS *starts to leave*)

Nay!—Stay!

(*Goes to her, takes hand, kneels, kisses hand—*  
PRINCESS *turns her head away; SANDY rising, takes her in his arms.*)

BOBBY. (*In soliloquy*)

Somewhere before, I seem to know  
That the Gypsy Moth is a dangerous foe,

(*Glances up at tree, sees sign "Help us to EX-TERMINATE the GYPSY MOTH."*)

"If these you destroy, we'll make you a peer,  
In the kingdom of Fairies, the land of good  
cheer!"

(Turns to SANDY)

A sawdust doll, with beads for eyes—  
To lead an army—What a surprise!

SANDY. Farewell,—the hour grows late;  
(*Listens. Sound of drums heard in distance  
grows louder, they embrace again. BOBBY continues  
to watch.*) 'Tis the Bees approaching, I must to  
my Fate! (*Exit SANDY*)

(*PRINCESS weeps, Drums grow louder, army does  
not pass on stage, unless desired; PRINCESS  
waves handkerchief, between sobs—(for hand-  
kerchief use white dandelion)—BOBBY scratches  
his head as curtain descends, picks up stone  
and begins to work to the sound of drum-beats,  
now and then shaking head.*)

Curtain

ACT I

SCENE II

SCENE: *Same as I, Ant hill clearly shown near  
tree; sand, stones, and sticks lie about; at rise  
of curtain, BOBBY as the ANT is seen in fore-  
ground, carrying sand, etc., with great effort.  
Enter the TOAD on crutch.*

TOAD. How now, friend Ant? A different tune  
you chant! (*A big mortal foot knocks over the ant  
hill destroying most of it. BOBBY looks discouraged,  
wipes brow and starts to weep*) 'Tis but a mortal

foot, take no heed; to work to work, less tears  
more speed!

*(Stooping now and then, picking up stones and  
with crutch tossing sand on pile, the TOAD  
chants:)*

"It's oh, and it's ah! It's alack and alas!  
Just imagine you live in a big looking glass"

Oh, what could you say and what could you do  
If you lived all alone in the toe of a shoe!  
You could hop, you could skip, you could jump,  
you could dance,  
And you'd hear very little of "shouldn'ts and  
shan'ts"

You could stump your big toe, and it would never  
get hurt

You could kick up the sand, you could play in  
the dirt!

But it's oh and it's ah! it's alack and alas!  
Just imagine you lived in a big looking glass."

I must be off. I'm in no mood for taunt this day

So long, my friend, all forlorn!

*(TOAD exits singing.)*

"It's oh! and it's ah! It's alack! and alas!  
Just imagine you live in a big looking-glass!"

*(Enter YELLOW and BROWN FAIRIES; they scamper  
about teasing BOBBY, hindering him at work by  
sitting on his shovel and on the sand hill, laugh-  
ing.)*

BOBBY. Who are you!

YELLOW FAIRY. Fairies! Don't you know us!



We live in the yellow and brown toadstool villages—There—(*Point*)—by the pool! (*Sit on Ant hill*)

BOBBY. Our Garden pool! I never saw you there; besides, Fairies wear white, at least my sister says they do! And YOU——

BROWN FAIRY. 'Tis true—we have sisters that wear white, but we, you see, are as mischievous as can be! (*Dance around pulling BOBBY this way and that. Bells are heard*) Sh! Our sister comes.

(YELLOW and BROWNIE scamper away, U. R.)

WHITE FAIRY. (*Enters from behind tree, with spot light*) Hello!

BOBBY. Hello! (*Picks up shovel*)

WHITE FAIRY. It grows late! The Fairy Queen will soon be here. Your work—undone! How now?

BOBBY. I have nearly finished a dozen and more houses, and each time they have been destroyed. I have worked for hours!—My back aches so, and my arms are stiff—everybody is having a good time but me! (*Sobs*) I'm so sleepy, I can hardly see! (*Sits down at foot of FAIRY, who is sitting on a Canterbury Bell*) I'm glad you've come; you're different from the rest—Where do you live?

WHITE FAIRY. In a beautiful garden world; my house is a lily-white toadstool, near a pool.

BOBBY. The pool in our garden? There are different colored toadstools there!

WHITE FAIRY. Yes—in your garden—this garden!

BOBBY. But I have never seen you!

WHITE FAIRY. Perhaps you have never looked for me? Fairies, you know, have the power of vanishing from human sight, when they wish. Sometimes they are heard without being seen, and when they travel through the air, as they often do,

they make a humming noise, like a swarm of bees.

BOBBY. Are Fairies all of one family?

WHITE FAIRY. They are divided into different ones; fairies are everywhere; some dwell in toadstool villages——

BOBBY. Like those in our garden?

WHITE FAIRY. Like those in your garden—this garden! The white toadstools are where the good little fairies live, the yellow toadstools, where the mischievous fairies live, and the brown toadstools, where the naughty fairies live.

BOBBY. But I have seen pink ones too!

WHITE FAIRY. Yes, to be sure; all the fairy thoughts are kept in the cunning little pink toadstools!

BOBBY. Are there many naughty fairies?

WHITE FAIRY. No—but many mischievous fairies. Oh! Fairyland is *such* a jolly place!

BOBBY. Why are the eaves of the yellow toadstools turned up? All the others are turned down!

WHITE FAIRY. (*Laughs*) Once upon a time, there was a beautiful Prince, who went in search of our Fairy Queen,—but he was too impatient to find her. He sat down on a brown toadstool house and cried; all the yellow toadstools laughed—and turned up the eaves of their houses to catch his tears,—because, you see, there had been a drought in Fairyland that year. And *that* is why so many yellow toadstools are shaped like cups!

BOBBY. Didn't the Prince find the Fairy Queen?

WHITE FAIRY. No.—“HE THAT WOULD CONQUER, MUST FIRST, PATIENCE ENDURE!”

BOBBY. What do you do all day?—and what do you play?

WHITE FAIRY. I dance and sing—the butterflies are beautiful dancers, you know—then I play with the flowers, and Oh!—there is the dearest little girl

that comes and plays with us.—She has light curly hair, and big blue eyes. And she has a doll named “Sandy.” (*Laughs*) One day we made him a Prince, just for fun!—

BOBBY. That is my sister’s dolly’s name, how odd!—I wonder if it is she! What’s her name?

WHITE FAIRY. Let me see,—I think they call her—Ma—r—y—, Mary!

BOBBY. Yes, yes,—it’s she! (*Draws closer*) I am Bob, her brother.

WHITE FAIRY. (*Moves away*) What! The little boy, who doesn’t like fairy-tales,—who won’t believe in fairies? Don’t you like me?

BOBBY. Y-e-s!—But *you* are different.

WHITE FAIRY. But *I’m* a Fairy;—Don’t you believe in me?

BOBBY. Y-e-s,—I—believe in *you*.—Are you *really* a fairy?

WHITE FAIRY. (*Nods head*) Yes!

BOBBY. Oh, then I *do* believe in fairies!—I am so glad (*rises to feet*) that you live in our garden—what fun!—(*Turns, looks at unfinished sand hill*) I’m sorry,—I wish I could make the Ants happy again—and the Toad—I wish that I could cure his leg!

WHITE FAIRY. You can! Each day, give THOUGHT TO ALL that grows,—to all things that creep, for each has its work on earth to do Help all things to live, Bobby,—and your reward will be contentment and happiness. IT IS BUT EVIL WE DESTROY!

BOBBY. Then could I play in Fairyland?

WHITE FAIRY. Yes—if by the Queen’s command.

BOBBY. What is that funny little stick you carry?

WHITE FAIRY. A Magic Wand.

BOBBY. Magic—Wand?—Can you *really* make it do things?—Change a boy to an Ant, and an Ant into a boy,—just as I was before—before this?

WHITE FAIRY.

Yes,—even that;—but to your task!  
Complete it—e'er you ask!

(BOBBY *begins to work*. WHITE FAIRY *waves wand, calls:*)

Yellow!—Brownie! Come,—make haste!

(*Enter FAIRIES, YELLOW and BROWNIE, U. R.*)

You Yellow, guard the paths;  
Should mortal start to tread,  
Put other motives in his head!

(*To BOBBY, who has stopped work to listen*)

Hurry, hurry! Faster still,  
If you would finish the Queen Ant's Hill!

BOBBY. (*Shoveling hard*) How light the sand!  
It fairly rolls into place. See!—It's done!

(*Dances up and down. YELLOW and BROWNIE take his hands. They dance around sand hill. Enter SIR TOAD, hops, but without crutch, sings:*)

TOAD.

“It's oh! and it's ah! It's alack and alas!  
Just imagine you live in a big looking-glass!”  
Look you, friend Ant,—my crutch,—'tis gone;

(*Slaps leg.*)

My leg again is strong!

BOBBY. Oh! I'm glad! (*Wild-rose heard singing in the distance. Pauses*) Who sings?

WHITE FAIRY. The Rose! Listen! (*Hand to ear*)

BOBBY. (*Claps hands*) She is no longer sad!  
(*Speaks with difficulty*)

(Enter QUEEN ANT, her attendants (2)—turtles, butterflies, at same time faces appear in the flowers, with sound of music. Faces also in toadstools. QUEEN ANT walks front stage to BOBBY, who stands with bowed head before her.)

QUEEN ANT. (*Looking at finished sand hill*)  
'Tis well—If thou dost feel repentance,—I will pardon thee!

BOBBY. Oh! I promise you! (*Speaks haltingly, with difficulty*)

(BOBBY rises, all listen as sound of bells and a humming noise is heard off-stage. Enter FAIRY QUEEN, and her Attendants; great respect is shown, all bow; QUEEN stands center stage, attendants either side.)

FAIRY QUEEN. (*Addresses QUEEN ANT*)  
This little boy, his task has done;  
And your forgiveness—he has won!

QUEEN ANT.  
Yes, your Majesty,  
He now repents his thoughtless deeds,

FAIRY QUEEN. (*To BOBBY*) Bobby, come here!

(*Holds wand high above his head.*)

I give you welcome into Fairyland.  
You may come and go——  
As long as you show  
Kindness and thought  
For my subjects here below!  
And now—A Dance.”  
At the rising of the sun,  
Your duty as Mortal Boy will have begun!

(*Turns to Assembly. Turtle enters, MARY on his back*)

And now a game, you shall name;

(*Clapping of hands. Exit FAIRY QUEEN and Attendants.*)

TOAD. Let us have a race!

ASSEMBLY. Yes! Yes!

VOICE FROM THE CROWD A chariot race!

MARY. What fun! But how will it be done?  
We have no wheels!

YELLOW FAIRY. The toadstools will take part.

BROWN FAIRY. (*Teasingly*) It's sure to be a fast race—from the start! (*Laughter*)

TOADSTOOLS. We will be the wheels! But we need a chariot!

TOAD. And a challenger!

TURTLE. (*Drawls in speech*) I will challenge you Sir Toad, Three laps, around the pool!

(*Much laughter.*)

TOAD. (*Hands on hips*) The race is won, e'er 'tis begun! I accept your challenge, Turtle!

YELLOW FAIRY. Let the Jack-in-the-pulpit drive and guide,—You'll need a steady hand, if I am any judge!

CANTERBURY. Three laps around the pool,—And we will ring our bells each lap. Make way! The race is to begin!

(*Chariots rush out. Much commotion, TOAD appears nervous, Turtle calm*)

QUEEN ANT. (*Standing*) Ready! GO!

(*Race to be made as funny as possible; pool is clearly shown, characters on stage flank sides.*)

TOAD starts, ahead of turtle, with a big hop—he

*hops higher and higher, until finally he upsets chariot in his mad endeavor to beat the TURTLE. TURTLE passes, while the TOAD'S chariot is being righted, and TOAD rescued from the pool. For the second time the TOAD upsets his chariot. Much excitement is shown among the onlookers, and much cheering as the last bell is heard. TURTLE winning the race. The TOAD is brought from the water, a very sorry-looking object, fussing and fuming.*

ASSEMBLY. The Turtle wins! (*Cheers*)

(*Enter WHITE FAIRY excitedly, followed by YELLOW and BROWN FAIRIES.*)

WHITE FAIRY. The Princess—Is she here?

ASSEMBLY. No! What has happened?

WHITE FAIRY. (*Speaking rapidly*) We fear that she has followed Sandy. And should she make the left turn, she is sure to meet the Gypsies

ASSEMBLY. Oh! They might—kill her!

WHITE FAIRY.

Nay! Not so,

Though they be our for.

A Princess Royal they would hold

For a ransom,—not of gold;

But a promise they'd extract,

To lead them to our fold.

Alas! If this be true

Our fate does not rest with you;

To Mortals we must turn

(*As BOBBY approaches*)

BOBBY. (*Turning to WHITE FAIRY. Explains to Interpreter that he cannot speak. Spoken brokenly. WHITE FAIRY interprets BOBBY'S words*)

WHITE FAIRY.

I could save the Garden, were I mortal boy.  
The wand! If magic it truly be,  
Let me now prove my loyalty!

*(He is changed from ANT to BOY, one leg at a time  
taken off. At last his head)*

He would be a Hero!

Oh! Let him go!

FAIRY QUEEN.

Go! Destroy that which is evil;  
Protect that which is beautiful;  
Love, cherish, and be dutiful!  
Youth, with thy power,—Go!

*Curtain*

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## ACT II

### SCENE I

*Back of same Garden—Enlarged*

*Gypsy Moth Camp*

*Early dawn*

SCENE: *Meshes of silver net against shrubs and tree boughs, to represent "Tents" of GYPSY MOTHS. At rise of curtain, moths asleep, around fire right-stage, all but the gypsy-moth "hag" who sits by another fire, smaller, on the left side of stage: she rocks back and forth, mumbling, now and then reaching out for a few oak leaves, which represent cards of "fortune". For fires, use the "Fire-weed" with flame paper, or the "Devil's-paint-brush". At back*



of stage is a web "tent", a dead shrub for its support. CHIEF of the gypsies, appears in doorway, (a crotch of the branch). He stretches, looks about, steps down to ground, moves slowly toward "HAG" left stage: pokes her in the back, she mumbles, he repeats the poke. She doesn't move, CHIEF watches her for second, then raising hands in hopeless gesture, brings hands down on cards in temper.

CHIEF. Stir your stumps—don't be a'turnin' day into night! Come on, water it is, for the porridge and those (*Smacks lips leaning forward*) beautiful black beetles, my l-o-v-e! (*HAG moves, mumbles*) Oh! you heard that, did you—come along then, fetch the water and be quick about it, I'm 'alf starved. (*Shakes her*) No, Asleep in Milady's boudoir I suppose! Breakfast at ten, served on a golden platter; Gad! if food I'd have, a'fetching of the water myself, I'm a'thinking! (*Picks up pail, shuffles off back stage—At same time the BUTTERFLY peeps through bushes, and as the CHIEF exits, she creeps forward watching "HAG", curiously. While she stands watching, the young gypsy-moth girl, awakens, 'sees the beautiful BUTTERFLY, rises and approaches her unnoticed; as the moth touches with great awe, the beautiful dress of the BUTTERFLY, the BUTTERFLY screams, waking the others, they all rise and rush forward. The BUTTERFLY in trying to escape rushes into the arms of the CHIEF, who is returning with pail of water; his surprise is humorous; empty pail lies on ground as he holds her. BUTTERFLY weeps, and hides her face, as the curious moths gather about. OLD HAG feels of the dress, of the hair, whispering:)*

OLD HAG. *Real gold! A truly handsome ransom, such raiment should bring! The scissors, my dear.*

(*To girl gypsy. Pats BUTTERFLY*) Dry those pretty eyes, dearie—have no fear; You are among friends!

BUTTERFLY. (*Hotly*) You are *not* my friends! You kill and destroy all I love, just as you would destroy my hair—you're Bandits, and enemies to all I love! Stand aside! I command you, you shall *not* keep me here! (*Starts to go, CHIEF stops her*)

CHIEF. "Enemies to all you love", we are "bandits", "outlaws"—hear her! Where is your home, my pretty? You have not as yet told.

BUTTERFLY. And I *will* not! (*Remembering that SANDY with his army will soon come to her rescue, she becomes bold, defiant*)

CHIEF. She plays with us. Speak! or a captive you shall be, and if your "loved" ones be well advised, they will pay high for your security!

BUTTERFLY. (*Laughs scornfully*) You *dare* not!

CHIEF. (*In temper*) Dare not! indeed—(*Grasping her wrist*) I would have no harm come to you, still—if you persist in defying me, my temper would arise—and then—I would answer not, for your life—eh, wife?

HAG. Yea, he speaks truly, "the evil one's own temper has the master."

BUTTERFLY. I *fear* not. (*Voice: "The Beetles are done, cooked to a turn"*)

CHIEF. I wonder how butterflies would taste, stewed, (*Smacks lips*) A delicacy—it sounds well to my ears! St-e-w-ed! M-m! (*BUTTERFLY draws away from gypsy, looks frightened, SANDY not yet arrived*) Ah! Milady turns pale! I'll waste no more time with you—come—Why are you here; where do you live? Mind now, no "Fairy" tale.

BUTTERFLY. (*Sobbing*) I live in a beautiful garden, to the south. My lover, he—he——

CHIEF. Deserted you? The rascal!

BUTTERFLY. Nay! I was in search of him. I

know not where he is. (*Kneels*) Oh! Spare me—  
and you shall be rewarded, if I return in safety!

CHIEF. Yea "reward" is the word, my pretty—but calm yourself, abide with us awhile, we travel south by the light of the moon. No harm shall come to you—unless perchance, this story you have told, proves, untrue. (*Walks away, enters tent*)

HAG. (*In undertone*) A lover did'st thou say? He has gone away? For one Rose petal, I will read thy fortune! Fate lies within the cutting of the oak-leaves! Come closer, be not afraid—(*Cut oak-leaves, as if they were a pack of cards*) The oak does not lie, thy fate is written upon its veined leaves, look! “A Prince is he?” Nay! What is this I see: “False friend”! (*BUTTERFLY gasps*) Sh! the Oak speaks the truth—Take heed! “Your lover, will quail and fail in all he attempts; Take warning, lest you throw yourself away, on a—saw-dust doll, that is made for children’s play!” “He loves you, yes, but do not let that deceive you.

(BUTTERFLY *hides face in hands*; CHIEF'S voice  
heard in distance.)

CHIEF. Wife! The porridge, is it done? Gad! Would you have me breakfast on a crumb?

(HAG *scuffles off.*)

GYPSY GIRL. (*Advancing slowly to BUTTERFLY*) Please don't cry—they won't hurt you! Oh! what is that ugly thing, in your wing?

BUTTERFLY. Mortals call it a pin.

GYPSY GIRL. Doesn't it hurt?

BUTTERFLY. Yes—but I dare not take it out, because you see, I have no balm, to heal the wound.

GYPSY GIRL. Let me do it for you, I know how.

(*She deftly extracts pin, using sap from a dandelion as balm. During the process, the BUTTERFLY speaks*)

BUTTERFLY. You are very kind, what is your name, and what can I do for you?

GYPSY GIRL. Oh! tell me about your Beautiful Garden home! I have never seen a beautiful garden, it must be wonderful to *live* in one!

BUTTERFLY.

So it is, "Tiny", may I call you Tiny?

And very peaceful; the Flowers give honey to the  
Bee,

Feed and shelter Butterflies, like me,

The lovely Trees, protect us from the wind

Who doesn't want to chill us,—he's very kind.

But tell me, would you really like to see a garden, now, with me?

GYPSY GIRL. (*Clapping hands*) Yes—yes—it is my dearest wish! Oh! can I really go with thee?

BUTTERFLY. (*Sound of Bees approaching, buzzing noise, grows louder and louder*) Hush! I hear a buzzing noise, like an army of Bees. Come, make haste, we must escape. The Queen's army approaches by the Poplar trees! (*As GYPSY starts to warn the camp, BUTTERFLY pulls her toward tree, left-stage, holds her hand*) No, no, we have no time to waste—I can save you, quick! Hide with me, in the crotch of this old tree.

(*As they start for tree, SANDY appears, from other side. They embrace, GYPSY starts to run away BUTTERFLY holds her.*)

SANDY. (*To BUTTERFLY*) Come Dearest, there is no time to waste.

GYPSY GIRL. No—no—I must not go, my people will be murdered, Oh! what shall I do—let me warn them 'ere I go with you!

SANDY. Go with Us? *You* can not go into the Garden!

BUTTERFLY. Indeed! I leave her here to die, when she but now, healed my wing—If you refuse, you do not love me! Just ONE peep (*Teasingly*) She promises to return—if you truly loved me, you would do as *I* wish!

SANDY. (*Nervously*) Come then, quick, the Moths have been warned, they come this way.

(*Bees enter from back stage, also right, battle between the Moths and Bees as the curtain goes down. The Web-Tents are seen burning, use red paper. Bees are victorious.*)

*Curtain*

*Garden as in ACT I*

(*Bright Moonlight*)

ACT II

SCENE II

SCENE: *Cast assembled, as at close of SCENE II*  
ACT I. *Dance of the Toadstools and Fairies. After the dance, BUTTERFLY and SANDY (holding Moth's hand) appear; they are joyously greeted; during which time, the moth disappears. BUTTERFLY turns, the moth is missing.*

BUTTERFLY. Where is Tiny?

ASSEMBLY. Tiny? Who?

SANDY. The Gypsy Moth—

FAIRY QUEEN. Gypsy—Moth! in our beautiful garden! Quick, look on each leaf and every branch—search carefully—She *must* be found, (*Turning to SANDY*)

Explain, oh, faithless one to man and trees,  
I deplore the hour I made thee Captain of the Bees!

BUTTERFLY. Blame not Sandy, your Majesty, it is I—that am to blame. I coerced him in the name—of love! “Tiny” cured my wing, and the request she made, was such a little thing, I——

FAIRY QUEEN. I see—a kindly act, you thought to do, while she——

VOICES. Quickly, quickly!

*(Moth appears right stage near tree, all out of breath—has been running—as others start for back-stage following voice. GYPSY speaks in undertone.)*

GYPSY GIRL. I must hide where they will not find me, until—it is too late. *(Looks up at tree)* Ah! the very place, behind the apple, with the rosey face! *(Stretches out arms, at same time, a black net drops over her head and she falls to ground)*

VOICES. This way—*(As they all leave stage. The mist curtain descends slowly)*

*Curtain*

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## EPILOGUE

SCENE: *As the curtain descends, stage is darkened a second to allow characters in the Epilogue to take their places; BOBBY and MARY asleep on seat of tree, SANDY the rag-doll visible under rose-bush. Bright moonlight, Notice on tree about the Gypsy Moths, plainly seen from orchestra; BOBBY moves—as if in sleep—then starts forward—falls off seat onto*

*ground near net. MARY, who has been leaning against BOBBY falls also: they both open their eyes.*

BOBBY. Ouch! (*Looks at net*) Did I get it?

(*MARY and BOBBY search together—find Moth; are happy.*)

VOICE. Mary! Bobby!—Children!

BOBBY. Here she is! (*Takes Moth between fingers, picks up net with other hand, they rise slowly, walk off-stage very slowly during the following dialogue*) I've caught her—(*Looks back, sees ant-hill rebuilt, toadstool head on—he goes to bush picks up SANDY, whose face is wet with dew*)

MARY. Oh! you are splendid, Bobby; the fairies will be glad! Look at Sandy's face—he has been crying—poor Prince Sandy! (*Takes him in her arms—they both laugh as they approach exit right of stage. Looking at doll*)

BOBBY. Come, Sis.—Nurse will be hopping mad!

MARY. So will mother.

BOBBY. And so will Dad! But we have seen Fairyland—Gee! but I'm glad, Sis—That you're a girl and—I'm a lad!!

VOICE. Children!

(*They exit, hand in hand, dragging net on ground.*)

*Curtain*

END











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